

crustaceans, the general health would suffer. And if illness broke out, that would be the last straw.

The last week of December came. The weather was still fine, except for a few thunderstorms, not so violent as the first one. The heat, sometimes excessive, would have been almost intolerable but for the great shadow thrown over the shore by the cliff, which sheltered it from the sun as it traced its daily arc above the northern horizon.

At this season numbers of birds thronged these waters—not only sea-gulls and divers, sea-mew and frigate birds, which were the usual dwellers on the shore. From time to time flocks of cranes and herons passed, reminding Fritz of his excellent sport round Swan Lake and about the farms in the Promised Land. On the top of the bluff, too, cormorants appeared, like Jenny's bird, now in the poultry-run at Rock Castle, and albatrosses like the one she had sent with her message from the Burning Rock.

These birds kept out of range. When they settled on the promontory it was useless to attempt to get near them, and they flew at full speed above the inaccessible crest of the cliff,

One day all the others were called to the beach

by a shout from the boatswain.

" Look there! Look there!" he continued

to cry, pointing to the edge of the upper plateau.

- " What is it'? " Fritz demanded.